off the old garment; but to die well is to live for ever : think not of self, but of immortality, I will be your half-body in the mansions of the Sun."

In the last great battle which subjugated India, Sunjogta armed her lord for the encounter. In vain she sought the rings of his corselet : her eyes were fixed on the face of the Chohan as those of the famished wretch who finds a piece of gold. As he left her to head Delhi's heroes, she who had drunk so deeply of the wine of love vowed that henceforward water only should sustain her. With the clairvoyance which a great passion brings, she predicted, " I shall see him again in the region of Suriya (the sun), but never more in Yoginipur."

Prithiraj was slain. Sunjogta mounted the pyre.

A great passion sanctifies a place, because a surpassing love for another is always nobler than absorption in self. As the loves of Hero and Leander have made the Hellespont waters holy for all time ; as Heloise and Abelard have sounded a song of heavenly music

from the grey stones of a mediaeval monastery ; as Dante, in his own more mystical love of Beatrice,

could